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THE SMALL-POX.

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A POEM.

In Five CANTOS.

Form'd on the Plan of Dr. MEAD's Profe on that SUBJECT.

After the Manner of Mr. PRIOR, in his *ALMA MATER.*

CANTO I.

By ANDREW TRIPE, M. D.

—— *Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim Tollere Humo.* —— Virg. Georg.

LONDON.

Printed for JEREMIAH REASON, in *Flower de Luce Court, Fleet-ſtreet.* 1748.

[Price Six-pence.]

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TO

Dr. M---D.

SIR,

I AM at a loſs which to congratulate myſelf upon more, the happy Execution of the following Imitation of your elaborate Tract; or the auſpicious Opportunity the Publication of it furniſhes me with of this Addreſs. Your Character has ever been placed in a moſt amiable Point of Light; as it is compoſed of thoſe engaging Ingredients, Benevolence, Humanity, and an incomparable Generoſity. To which charming Qualities I may now add another no leſs immortalizing; viz. an inſuperable Obſtinacy in adhering to the little Intereſts of buſtling BR—NDL—Y; however incompatible ſuch a depreciating, low-condeſcending, and un-Arabian, Conduct may be with your ſuperiour Station, and the Rank you have hitherto juſtly held in the elevated World.

Intereſted as I am in your Glory, I wiſh you had never been ambitious of acquiring the leaſt Scrap of Renown from ſuch Quarters as thoſe. Lack-a-daiſy! What a Farce! Heaven

and

and Earth muſt be moved about conſtruing your Piece! Is there no one in the Three Kingdoms endued with literary Powers ſufficient to tranſlate your Book; except ST—CK of CORK, and W—RD of GRESHAM-COLLEGE? Are your Writings ſo abſtruſe, intricate, and of ſuch a SIBYLLINE Nature; that there is no coming at the Bottom of your Ænigmatical Meaning, without your own immediate oracular Revelation? Is *Propria quæ Maribus-Fœmineo generi tribuuntur*, and all that merry Grammatical Work, your ſole Monopoly? F—TT—R-LANE is as open to us, as it is to others; nor are we ignorant of its moſt orthodox Scholaſtic Diſcipline. However, (ſo ſcrupulous am I of cauſing any bilious Emotions in you) I have declined entring on a Proſe Verſion of your Treatiſe; but, inſtead of employing my Talents that way, have work'd up the following inoffenſive Metre: that I hope will reward me full as well for my Pains. As to the reſt, I remain,

SIR,

Your grateful humble Servant,

ANDREW TRIPE.

TO
The READER.

THO' I do not conceive any abſolute Neceſſity for a Preface to the following Work; yet, as I have never hitherto launch'd any of my Performances into Light without one, I cannot eaſily get rid of an old Cuſtom. On which ſcore, Gentle Reader, know; that, notwithſtanding the DOCTOR's Tract is penn'd with all imaginable Art and Elegance, yet, it muſt be confeſs'd, it is ſtill Proſe. And, as there is a *Jen ne ſçay quoi* of pleaſing Amuſement peculiar to the Harmony of Poetic Numbers, eſpecially of Thoſe I make uſe of; I thought it pity, a DISCOURSE ſo worthy of the utmoſt Agreeableneſs entail'd on the moſt muſical Verſification, ſhould not be furniſh'd with the additional Embelliſhments, derived from a ſoft and eaſy Flow of Verſe: particularly, as this Taſk in me was no more than indulging a natural Vein, and attended with no greater Difficulty, than that of ſmoking a Pipe of Tobacco. A Labour, conſequently, not worth mentioning. Charm'd with Mr. PRIOR's Manner in his *Alma Mater*, I took him

him for a Model: and happy, thrice happy, ſhall I eſteem myſelf, ſhould I be thought in any degree to have imitated the Spirit of my Maſter. This way of Poetizing is a mix'd Kind of Writing; where, tho' one is always ſerious, yet every now and then the Expreſſion ſeems ſomewhat ludicrous. For my own Part, I declare frankly with the ingenious Sir THOMAS BROWNE; that, being born under the Influence of the Planet *Saturn*, I have an infinite deal of Lead in my Compoſition: being no ways facetious, but ever plodding to get a little Money. But ſo much for This.

I have likewiſe lately employ'd my Powers in Proſe; and ſhall venture on publiſhing in a few Days a *Treatiſe on* TORYISM, form'd on the Plan of this ſame DISCOURSE: (ſuch an inexhauſtible Fund it is of Pleaſantry!) which will be as grave and ſolemn in it's way, as my GHOST-Affair, or this other Production of mine now on the Anvil. *Tu, Lector, biſce noſtris ſive Labribus, ſive Otii Oblectamentis, fruere et vale.*

THE

THE SMALL-POX. A POEM.

CANTO I.

OLD HOMER ſounds ACHILLES' Rage;
ÆNEAS' Acts deck VIRGIL's Page;
And I, in PRIOR's tuneful Strain,
Bleſt Bard, ſo happy in his Vein,
While PHOEBUS PINDUS' Springs unlocks,
Sing the SMALL- (Theme delightful!) POX;
And, on no mean poetic Pin,
(Give Ear, my FIELDING!) thus begin.

Turn, MUSE, the antient Annals o'er;
And from thoſe rev'rend Acts explore
The Riſe of this diſaſtrous Ill,
To the fair Form ſo hateful ſtill.
Point out, how, tho' a Clime remote
(As undiſputed Records note)
Produc'd its Birth, this noxious Taint
Could ſpread thus far, without Reſtraint;

And

And to our EUROPEAN Sphere
Could its long Courſe malignant ſteer:
Whence now this mortal Scourge of JOB
Lords it o'er more than Half the Globe.
Thus will on Matters, dark as Night,
Be pour'd a Flood of radiant Light;
And ev'n a 'Pothecary's Dunce
With half an Eye diſcern at once
The whole Parade and pompous Art,
With which I grace the doctoring Part.

'That 'tis a novel, upſtart, Race,
I think's an unconteſted Caſe.
Upſtart at leaſt ſo far; that Shoals
Own it not half ſo old as PAUL'S:
And that he will, whoever ſeeks,
Find it unknown to th' ancient GREEKS;
And to their Succeſſors in Fame,
The J-R-NS of the *Roman* Name.
Their Ἐξανθήματα (God wot)
And ev'ry like eruptive Spot,
(So famous formerly) of all Pox,
No more reſemble our true SMALL-Pox;
(I mean, if Things are rightly put)
Than is an Apple like a Nut.

I too believe it, and, indeed.
As firmly as I do my Creed;
That thoſe old venerable Dons,
Giants in Phyſick to their Sons,
So arch and nimble with their Quills,
Who ſtigmatiz'd a hundred Ills;
And ſtill were marking with their Pen
The Whence, and How, and Where, and When,
Had never indolently paſs'd
In Taciturnity This laſt,
Had Aught of this ſcabb'd Farce occurr'd:,
The Suppoſition's quite abſurd.
No! They had with diſtinguiſh'd Care
Its Genius open laid and bare:
And painted it, to give't a main Blow,
In all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Elſewhere then muſt we ſeek the Cauſe
Of theſe fair-form-defacing Flaws.
And whence can we deduce their Traces
Better than from th' ARABIAN RHAZES;
A Man compos'd, ſedate, and ſage:
The very SH—PTON of that Age.
One, who all (ſuch his letter'd Stock)
Surpaſs'd as much, as I do R—CK.

He ſpreading, neck or nought, a bold Sail,
Wrote, like our SALMON, Books by wholeſale;
Huge Magazines of matchleſs Treaſure:
(Pity He had ſo little Leiſure!)
Where, in ſome Page, He ſays, one AARON,
Fit, for his Parts, to be a Baron,
On this dire Venom much refines;
Exhibits all its previous Signs;
Dextrous points out its various Sorts;
Which are, and which are not, like Warts;
And then lays down the Cure ſo plain,
That D——SE might read, nor read in vain.
He at fair ALEXANDRIA hurl'd
Into a buſy, buſtling, World,
The Year, for mortal man's Diſaſters,
Prepar'd his Cerecloths, and his Plaſters,
And other HIPPOCRATIC Works,
That MAHOMET reign'd o'er the TURKS.
Hence FREIND, whom ſtill we all regard
As quite a diff'rent Man from W——D,
Conjectur'd, "that theſe Vagrants firſt
"In EGYPT's ſable Seats were nurs'd,
But the laborious REISKE diſcern'd,
In ARABIC profoundly learn'd,
That They had from a higher Source
Deriv'd their Havock-hatching Courſe:

Who on authentic Vellum ſaw
The following Words without a Flaw;
A Scrap his prying Genius ey'd in
The famous Library at LEYDEN;
"This Year ARABIA's pois'nous Earth
"Gave to this Pox its motley Birth.
The Year, the Sun's refulgent Ray
Saw MAHOMET ſhoot into Day.

But, after Matters fairly ſtated,
And juſtly o'er and o'er debated,
O Ye ſagacious Sons of Art,
Hear and attend what I impart.
Know that, beneath whatever Sky
The Climes and various Regions lie,
Vexatious Ills in ev'ry Age
Exert and propagate their Rage;
Nor that by ways obſcure and latent,
But as they had a roy-l Pat—nt;
Or Sort of native Right, to mawl
Our culprit Bodies Natural.
Stil'd *Epidemical* were Theſe
By our old Sire HIPPOCRATES,
A Sage, that waſted many an Hour,
In ſetting forth their noxious Pow'r;

Whether

Whether from EUROPÆAN Earth,
Or ASIA, They deriv'd their Birth:
Or Air were their productive Cauſe,
Or Soils, or Water's varied Laws.
Tho' now, nor is the Term abſurd,
Endemial is the popular Word.
All Times, all Lands, ſo Nature wills,
Have known the Outrage of theſe Ills.

Now, learn we from undoubted Practice,
(And who can contradict what Fact is?)
That Some of this (alas! Alas!
How horrid!) more than penal Claſs,
Bear with Them in their very Nature
A pois'nous, peſtilential, Matter;
Which They will far around diſperſe,
(Nor charm'd by Art, nor lull'd by Verſe)
By Ways and Means, no mortal Eye,
With the beſt Optics, can deſcry.
For tho' Some, peradventure, don't act,
Yet Others, by meer Dint of Contact,
Will inſtantaneouſly convey
Effluvia, on new Forms to prey:
Nay, baleful ev'n become to Scores,
With Exhalations from their Pores;

Which,

Which, grown the Seeds of ſtrange Grimaces
Beget prepoſt'rous, odd, Wry-faces,
When e'er on Things of looſer Texture,
(Be they, or be they not, a Mixture)
Such as the Sheep's ſoft, porous, Fleece,
Cotton, or *Seric* Subſtances,
They light; where lo! they ſtick like Leeches,
And make one's Heart ſink to one's Breeches;
Go pit-a-pat, while all one's Valour
Cannot match That of half a Taylor:
The Prologue to the ſelf-ſame Play
I gave the Publick t'other Day;
When, tho' in Manner looſe and vague,
I run a Deſcant on the *Plague.
Others, ſuppoſe They do their worſt,
By Contact only grow accurſt.
The Firſt of courſe may be convey'd
By Commerce, and a foreign Trade:
Whereas theſe Laſt, howe'er outrageous,
By Touch alone turn out contagious.

That fav'rite Point of Doctor R—ck's
To Theſe ſtands next in Blood, the Pox:
Thro' all the Av'nues of this Town
Long ſince immortal in Renown,

Which

*See my Poem on that Mortality.

Which does o'er Thousands uncontroll'd
Its Reign, to VENUS sacred, hold:
The Scene of loose Delights revers't;
Still courted, tho' for ever curst.
This Faint undoubted Annals say,
A Native of AMERICA,
By Traffick was to SPAIN transported;
From whence to NAPLES it resorted,
When thro' our Christian Year the Sun
Near thrice five hundred times had run,
By FERDINAND before those Walls
Convey'd, in warring with the GAULS:
Whose Troops were full of batter'd Noses,
(The Seeds of future Pills and Doses)
Contracted on the mention'd Spot,
A rotten, lamentable, Lot.
These, dallying with th' ITALIAN Doxies,
(Heav'n guard us, where-soe'er the Pox is!)
Into each individual Dame
Instill'd the dire contagious Flame:
The dire contagious Flame each Wench
Dealt to their Paramours, the FRENCH:
(As They to These, who took the Town,
Or Those, would lie alternate down)
One gave it one, and t'other t'other,
Till They had all pox'd one another.

Whip!

Whip! thro' both Camps, hallow! it ran,
Nor uninfected left a Man.
(As FRACASTORIUS, Bard divine,
Has ſung, in oth'rgueſs Verſe than mine)
Hence ſoon thro' ITALY it flew,
Veil'd for a while from mortal View:
When ſuddenly in various Modes
It ſhone diſplay'd, in Shankers, Nodes, (Aches,
Swell'd Groins, and pricking Shins, and Head-
And a long, long, long String of dread Achs;
Ills moſt ſuperlatively bad,
That would ev'n make a Hermit mad.
From thence, with ev'ry Sail unfurl'd,
It travers'd almoſt all the World:
Sparing nor Peers, nor Politicians,
Nor Poets, Painters, or Phyſicians,
Pimps, Panders, Patriots, Petite-Maitres,
Were equally involv'd with Traytors.
And the poor Fair Sex, from a Dutcheſs
Down to plain *Moll*, were in its Clutches.
Until at length this STYGIAN Fury
Work'd its foul Way to our bleſt DRURY;
(Seats more auſpicious far, e'er from us
Relentleſs Fate bore off SIR THOMAS)
Where ſtill Lord Paramount it reigns,
Pregnant with ſharp nocturnal Pains,

And

And Pains diurnal, rude, abhorr'd,
'Spite of our M-SAUBINS, and W—RD

A Merchant once, who many Years
Had liv'd amongst the RUSSIAN Bears,
Told me; thro' all those wide Domains,
Where Lech'ry, notwithstanding, reigns,
A CL—P, tho' one would fain be funny,
Could not be had for Love, or Money.
Till the late PETER, justly own'd
The GREAT, augustly sate inthron'd.
For Embassies were then as rare
With Them, as Elephants are here:
Their Ends They gaining, howe'er sinister,
Without a formal Foreign Minister.
But when that Monarch had at Heart
The bright, refining, trav'ling Part,
All bent to foreign Courts to roam,
To polish Brutes he left at Home;
He, the same time, detach'd some Scores
(A future Prey to Southern Whores)
To POLAND, GERMANY, and FRANCE,
To learn to ride, and fence, and dance,
And dance They did, and fence, and ride;
And Something else, G—d wot, beside:

When,

When, ſurfeited with theſe Delights,
Abandon'd, vague, unhallow'd Rites,
Hurt ev'n the Bones, and Spinal Marrow,
An inexhauſted Source of Sorrow,
Pale, thin, and wan, a horrid Spectacle,
Looking as if They really lack'd Tackle,
Getting a *Will-o'th'-Wiſp* by th' Tail,
Back They return'd, Each with his Ail:
And ſcarce had reach'd their Habitations,
Or Friends ſaluted and Relations,
When They this ſtrange, exotic, Oddity,
A far-fetch'd and dear-bought Commodity,
The rare Fruit of their trav'ling Labours,
Dealt moſt genteelly to their Neighbours:
Like to bear in that Northern Region
As great a Sway, as ev'n Religion.
As 'tis well known to all our true Beaus,
That Cold's a Nurſery for B—boes.

But, chance, Enough of This is ſaid;
So I reſume my former Thread.
This Diſconcerture's then I find
Of the true-blue envenom'd Kind.
Which, hatch'd in AFRICA at firſt,
Was in hot ETHIOPIA nurſt;

ARABIA then and EGYPT's Soil,
Impregnated with many a Boil,
(Like the real genuine Plague) it sought,
Just in the Manner I late taught *.

But, Hold, good Doctor! Pray, whence is it
That it no sooner made a Visit
(May some pert Coxcomb say that rhymes)
To these our EUROPÆAN Climes?
Why, Sir, reflect, that Merchandizing
Was in those Days of yore but rising;
And a Commercial Navigation
Was not, as now, so much in Fashion:
There being, from Sea-Port Towns remote,
But here and there a Man of Note,
Who would, with any firm fix'd Notion,
Trust ev'n a Cockboat to the Ocean.
And if existed such a Mortal,
The Voyages at least were short all:
As far as 'tis from RYE to FRANCE,
For Instance, or as far, perchance,
To put Things still in fairer Light,
As PORTSMOUTH's from the ISLE of WIGHT.
LUDOLFUS hence, a Man renown'd by
Historical, asserts 'tis roundly,

The

* Full of my Poem on the Plague.

The ETHIOPIANS were not vers'd
In Commerce, or at laſt, or firſt.
Therefore, as Ages roll'd, and Nations
Began to hold Communications,
Which War no leſs than peaceful Arts
Conſpir'd t'improve in various Parts,
This ſcabby, execrable, Peſt
In earneſt 'gan to travel Weſt;
Diffus'd its pur'lent Pow'rs a-far,
Denouncing mortal Seams and War.
But when the noted Conteſt roſe,
(T'wards the Eleventh Age's Cloſe
Partly, and partly when began
The Twelfth) which, Hiſt'ry tells us, ran
To a tremendous Height, the SARACEN
Sadly the CHRISTIAN Legions haraſſing,
The HOLY LAND being all the while
The ſacred Cauſe of this dire Toil;
With this Event its Empire crown'd
Grew more and more confirm'd around:
The EUROPÆAN Acquiſitions,
In theſe religious Expeditions,
Being only to bear back theſe Boils;
Trophies accurſt! Infernal Spoils!
From that fam'd Æra in what Earth
Soe'er theſe Seeds, of pois'nous Birth,

Have fix'd their Seat, there rooted They
Remain for ever and for aye:
To Pills and Boles bid bold Defiance,
And Phyſick's here an uſeleſs Science.
Nay, ev'n, (in reverential Verſe
Do I the Circumſtance rehearſe)
A Match for ev'ry other Ail,
SIR EDWARD finds his Noſtrums fail.
For the corrupted Pus, that oozes
(Like Matter dropping from ſome Noſes)
From burſting Puſtules, by the Bed-cloths
Abſorb'd, be they blue, white, or red Cloths,
Ne'er miſs to wax, no, never ſcarce,
The Prelude to an ugly Farce;
Producing ſtill ſome woeful Caſe,
To the ſad Tune of *Chevy Chaſe*;
Or, (what I think is full as good)
The little *Children in the Wood*.
For there they lie perdue and lurking;
Yet working, all the while, and working!
Till, by their Contact, up there ſpring
Spots upon Spots, like any thing.
Particularly, if the Year,
Leagu'd with the ambient Atmoſphere,
Should lend, by chance, a friendly Hand,
And briskly ſpread them o'er the Land.

None, ſure, would think they're led a Dance,
Should I, to fix what I advance,
(As nothing can illuſtrate more)
Select one Inſtance from a Score:
Which once a Gentleman, ſagacious,
Modeſt, and by no means rapacious;
Tho' He (and in a lucky Hour,
Was He inveſted with the Pow'r)
Had exercis'd a Sort of Reign
At FORT ST GEORGE's ſmall Domain.
Once then, ſays he, upon a time,
(And ſo his Story told in Rhyme)
A Bark, from HOLLAND's trading Shores,
The CAPE, mind! of GOOD HOPE explores:
Scores of whoſe Crew, ſome your's, ſome my
This Ev'l had hamper'd in the Voyage. (Age,
The HOTTENTOTS, a ſavage Race,
To th' Human Species a Diſgrace,
Inhabit this wild, uncouth, CAPE;
Are Men in outward Form and Shape;
But, as to intellectual Force,
Boaſt no more Pow'rs, than has a Horſe:
Partaking of a middle Nature
'Twixt us, and that unreaſon'd Creature.
Hence are They eminently ſervile,
And do all Offices, howe'er vile;

Trowzers,

Trowzers, and Jackets, and such Trash,
Sad Wardrobes, for the Sailors wash.
Some of 'em (hus employ'd in glorious,
(O wash, Ye Hot Terrors, no more!)
Contracted the malignant Hurt,
As from this Gear They purg'd the Dirt.
Which did so sadly work their Ruin,
Their Vital Lamps went out like Snuffs.)
Now, tho' these stupid, senseless, Wretches
Knew Nothing but of common Fetches;
Lost almost to the dimmest Ray
Of Reason, so obscur'd's their Day:
Yet such enough, mark! were their Thick-Pates,
To follow Nature's genuine Dictates.
Who, finding They had caught a Tartar,
Resoly'd to give the Fiend no Quarter;
But cut the Scabs, without Remorse,
As small, as one would cut a Horse.
Wherefore, to guard against their Fears,
They strait entrench o'er Head and Ears:
Nor Pro and Con, nor Hum and Haw,
But fix at once the *Spartan* Law:
And, spent no Time in idle Questions,
Form their Half-Moons, Glacis, and Bastions;
With Cohorns without end on Cohorns,
(Some with, and Some set off with no, Horns,

Such

Such as we view at Mons, or Liege,
Sufficient for a formal Siege.
These, standing constant Watch and Ward,
The Flow'r of all their District guard:
Arm'd with rude Sabres, Pikes, and Spears,
The Implement of bloody Wars.
As when, about to melt your Butter,
You make a Splutter, Flutter, and Clutter;
The Maid must strait the Fire be mending,
Yourself, forsooth, too super-intending,
So wirl't and twirl't you all the while,
For fear your Sause should turn to Oil;
Then, when you think you've done't so clever,
Crack, says the Pipkin, split for ever:
So what e'er Mortal should, suspected
Of creeping from some Hole infected,
Attempt these Bounds to more or less pass,
He'd dearly rue the daring Trespass:
While dire Chastizements instant must
Lay the Wretch sprawling in the Dust.
He ended. And the Tale was such,
I own, it pleas'd my Fancy much:
Charm'd with a People, who could hit,
By the meer Dint of Mother-Wit,
Things off, which I could scarce essay,
Beneath full Reason's radiant Sway:

When

When I the PLAGUE, with all my Force,
Combated in a late DISCOURSE.*
Which Rules were after found ſo ſtaunch,
As to deſtroy it root and branch;
When the dread Miſchief, ſome Years paſt,
Threaten'd to lay all EUROPE waſte:
And an uninterrupted *Ardet*,
(I had it from a Friend that heard it)
An *Ardet*, was the *Frenchman*'s Tone,
Jam proximus Ucalegon:
"Our Neighbour's Houſe is all on Fire:
"Retire, my Countrymen, retire!
Thoſe very Rules (I ſay, that I
Sketch'd out, the beſt beneath the Sky)
In that thrice hideous, ſad, Quandary,
The Nations made light, gay, and airy.

* My Poem on the Plague.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM